

UNKNOWN POEM AND MANUSCRIPT BY THE POET

Valuable
Sidelight
Thrown on
the Poet's
Character.

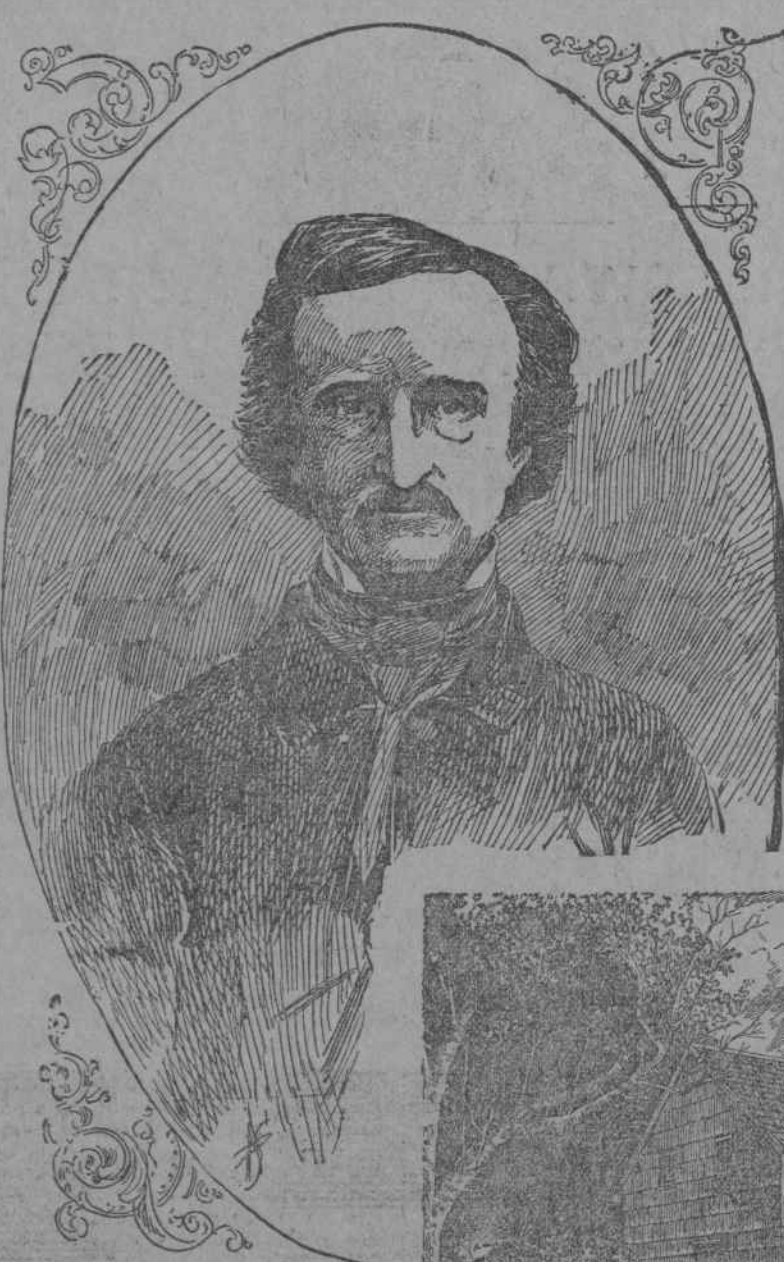
The Author of "The Raven" Writes a Sarcastic Criticism of His Own Works.

No close observer has failed to notice the genuine Poe revival during the last two or three years. The new monument soon to be erected to his memory in Baltimore; the heroic-size statue already designed and intended for Bronx Park, in this city; the effort of the Shakespeare Society to save the Fordham cottage; the eagerness of the magazines to secure every scrap of unpublished correspondence; the rapidity with which various editions of poems and complete works have followed one another on both sides of the Atlantic—these are only a few of the many indications of widespread interest in the famous poet.

The Journal has discovered and prints to-day two unpublished manuscripts—one by Poe himself—which, taken in connection with the general interest in the personality of the poet, becomes a literary event of the first importance. The first manuscript is a poem entitled "To the Author of 'The Raven,'" presumably written by Harriet Winslow; the second, "A Reviewer Reviewed," in which Poe reviews his own writings and punctures his own weaknesses under a nom de plume—this time "Walter G. Bowen." It is doubtful if there is another equally interesting parallel case in all literature. If Poe was not the author of the poem, his appreciation of it is emphatically shown in the beautiful copy which he made.

These two manuscripts were among the material turned over by Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law, after the death of the poet, to Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, the biographer of Poe and the editor of his works. After the death of Dr. Griswold they passed into the hands of Dr. G. H. Moore, librarian of Lenox Library. He retained them until his death, and they have since come into the possession of Mr. Fred M. Hopkins, of the Review of Reviews.

Two biographers of Poe are now living in this city—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, and Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia College. Mr. Stoddard wrote the biography for the de luxe edition of "Poe's Complete Works," issued some



years ago by G. P. Putnam's Sons, which was considered at the time the best life of the poet that had been written. Professor Woodberry is the author of the "Life of Poe" in the scholarly American Men of Letters Series, as well as the biography in the new definitive edition published by Stone & Kimball, of Chicago. The writings of both of these biographers have been conspicuous for research and careful statement. It is not saying too much to assert that no two men living are better qualified to express an authoritative judgment in a matter of this character.

The original manuscripts of these two unpublished articles were shown to Professor Woodberry by a representative of the Journal. After a careful examination he said:

"The manuscripts are, of course, in Poe's handwriting. There can be no doubt of it, for they are traced directly to his own hand. That he is the author of 'A Reviewer Reviewed' is equally certain. The manuscript has all the appearance of being an original draft; it is written in Poe's style; there is a vein of personal trumpet in it thoroughly characteristic of the poet; some of the points are those that Poe liked to have made.



POE'S COTTAGE.

"The manuscript was not unknown to me. I once had the promise of it when writing about Poe, but it was mislaid and slipped me. I do not think that it is necessary to add that it throws much light on Poe and will prove of great literary interest."

After listening carefully to the reading of the original manuscripts Mr. Stoddard said:

"The evidence in regard to the authenticity of the manuscripts is conclusive. Poe was a strange mortal. He was always doing the most unaccountable things; a whole chapter of his literary pranks could easily be written. It was not unusual for him to write under a nom de plume. 'The Raven' was published under the assumed name of 'Quarles.' Poe's scheme in this

To the Author of the "Raven."
By Miss Harriet Winslow,
Author of "To the Unsatisfied"—Why thus longest, thus
for ever sighing—For the far off unattained & done?

Leave us not so dark uncertain! lift again the fallen curtains!
Let us once again the mysteries of that haunted room explore—
Hear once more that friend infernal—that grim visitor nocturnal!
Earnestly, we long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore.

Oh, then tell us something more!
Dost his shade thy floor still darken?—dost thou still despairing hearken
To that deep sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?
In the same place is he sitting? Does he give no sign of quitting?
Is he conscious or unwitting? when he answers "Nevermore!"
Tell me truly, I implore!

Knows he not the littleness that poor human nature presses?
Knows he never need of slumber, fainting forces to restore?
Stoops he not to eating—drinking? is he never caught in winking
When his demon eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's core?
Tell me this if nothing more!

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN."

By Miss Harriet Winslow,

Author of "To the Unsatisfied"—Why thus longest, thus forever sighing—For the far off unattained and dim?

Leave us not so dark uncertain, lift again the fallen curtain.
Let us once again the mysteries of that haunted room explore—
Hear once more that friend infernal—that grim visitor nocturnal.
Earnestly we long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore.
Oh, then tell us something more!

Doth his shade thy floor still darken?—dost thou still despairing hearken
To that deep, sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?
In the same place is he sitting? Does he give no sign of quitting?
Is he conscious or unwitting when he answers "Nevermore?"
Tell me truly, I implore!

Knows he not the littleness that poor human nature presses?
Knows he never need of slumber, fainting forces to restore?
Stoops he not to eating, drinking? Is he never caught in winking
When his demon's eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's core?
Tell me this if nothing more!

Is he, after all, so evil? Is it fair to call him "devil?"
Did he not give friendly answer when thy speech friend's meaning bore?
When thy sad tones were revealing all the loneliness o'er thee stealing,
Did he not with fellow feeling vow to leave thee nevermore?
Keeps he not that oath he swore?

He, too, may be inly praying—vainly, earnestly essaying
To forget some matchless mate, beloved yet lost forevermore.
He hath donned a suit of mourning, and, all earthly comfort scorning,
Broods alone from night till morning. By the memories of Lenore.
Oh, renounce him nevermore!

Though he be a sable brother, treat him kindly as another!
Ah, perhaps the world has scorned him for that luckless hue he wore.
No such narrow prejudices can he know whom love possesses—
Whom one spark of freedom blesses. Do not spurn him from thy door,
Lest Love enter nevermore.

Not a bird of evil presage, happily he brings some message
From that much-mourned, matchless maiden—from that loved and lost Lenore.
In a pilgrim's garb disguised angels are but seldom prized.
Of this fact at length advised, were it strange if he forswore
The false world forevermore?
Oh, thou ill-starred, midnight ranger! Dark, forlorn, mysterious stranger!
Wildered wanderer from the eternal lightning on Time's stormy shore,
Tell us of that world of wonder—of that famed, unfading Yonder!
Rend, oh, rend the veil asunder! Let our doubts and fears be o'er!
Doth he answer "Nevermore?"

In "Al Aaraaf," at page 69 of the poems, we read:
And there, oh! may my weary spirit dwell
Apart from Heaven's eternity, and yet how far from Hell.
One of Mr. Poe's most admired passages is this, forming the conclusion of the poem called "The City in the Sea," and to be found at page 22:
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down, that town shall totter hence,
Hell rising from a thousand throes
Shall do it reverence.
But, unfortunately, Mrs. Sigourney, in a little poem called "Musical Thoughts," first published in "The Token" for 1829, has the lines:
Earth slowly rising from her thousand thrones
Did homage to the Corsican.
That Mr. Poe has in many cases obtained help from the more obscure classics is, I fancy, no more than a legitimate inference from so glaringly obvious an imitation as this, which we find at page 20:

SONNET TO ZANTE.

Fair is that from the fairest of all flowers
Thy gentiest of all gentle names dost take,
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
How many scenes of departed bliss;
How many thoughts of what entombed hopes;
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes;
No more; alas! that magical and sound
Transforming all; thy charms shall please no more—
Thy memory no more. Accursed ground,
Henceforth I hold thy flower anathema shore,
Oh, hyacinthine laet! Oh, purple Zante!
Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!
Here I might safely pause; but it would not be quite proper to omit all mention of this critic's facility at imitation—in prose as well as verse. In his story of "Hans Phaal," published in his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," but originally appearing in the first volume of the "Southern Literary Messenger,"

Here the manuscript ends abruptly. For some reason Poe never finished the comments on "Hans Phaal" which he evidently had in mind.—Ed. Journal.

TERROR OF ALL RUSSIA.

Gen. Tcheravine
Was Master of
Life and Death.

GENUINE AUTOCRAT
OF THE NATION.

Intrusted with the Imperial
Safety, He Took Hun-
dreds of Innocent
Lives.

General Tcheravine, chief of the terrible Third Section of the Imperial Chancery, and responsible for many of the harrowing tales of attempted assassination of the Czar, whose suspiciously sudden death took place Sunday at St. Petersburg, was, next to the Czar, the most powerful and widely feared man in the Russian Empire. He bore the title of Minister of Personal Safety, and to him was confided the task of protecting the Czar from assassination. His power was practically unlimited; for everything is obliged to yield to this in Russia, the first and most vital of all considerations—namely, the personal security of the autocrat.

A most ambitious and thoroughly unscrupulous man, though honest in financial matters, the General in order to obtain this post worked upon the apprehensions of the late Czar, and especially upon those of the Czarina, much in the same way that the Boys and Effendis at Constantinople are accustomed to trade upon the fears of the Sultan when they desire to become Pashas or to obtain some lucrative office. He intrigued for many years to obtain this particular appointment, and in the first years of the reign of Alexander III., when he was a mere subordinate functionary, he addressed a memorial to the Grand Duke Vladimir, who was in those days his sole patron, urging the creation of a special Ministry of Police. But the moment was the reverse of propitious for such a scheme, Tcheravine being just then seriously compromised in connection with the absurd vagaries of the so-called "Holy Band," and he had the mortification of not only seeing his report pigeon-holed and postponed, but also came within an ace of forfeiting his position.

The "Holy Band" was a secret society, similar in every respect to the Nihilist organizations, and formed with the sole object of combating the latter. Composed of the best blood of the land, its aim was to insure the safety of the imperial family and at the same time to oppose the Nihilists with their own weapons; that is to say, by secret organization. The necessary resources were contributed by the nobility, Paul Demoff (friend of the late Czar) paying the greater part of the expenses. The Grand Duke Vladimir and the Count Woronzow obtained the Emperor's approval of the status of the association, which began its operations about two years after Alexander's accession.

The band, however, promise, and for a time the "Holy Band" was looked upon as the salvation of Russia, and as having given the death blow to even the most dangerous dragon. The Czar's attention was drawn to the confusion resulting from the independent working of a voluntary police department alongside of the regular police, two being forever in conflict. It sometimes happened that the agents of the "Holy Band" and their numerous armed sections of the State secret police, while at other times the reverse happened. At length the Czar came to the conclusion that the "Holy Band" was a source of danger and ridicule rather than of safety, and so he determined quietly to disband it with its services, and to be satisfied with the protection afforded by the regularly constituted police. That was the end of the "Holy Band," and the blow which dealt the death blow to the career of General Tcheravine.

Subsequently, however, he had the good fortune to be shot at by a Nihilist. Promoted shortly afterwards, he was shrewd enough to discover that the imperial favor which his chief, General Count Ignatieff, had at that time enjoyed was on the wane; and he accordingly took advantage of several acts of malfeasance on the part of Ignatieff, of which Ignatieff had rendered himself guilty while Minister of the Interior to bring them to the notice of the Emperor. Alexander, however, in such a manner as to preclude any possibility of his ever again holding office under the Crown. This, of course, was a severe blow to the General, who was both ambitious and unscrupulous, besides which he was noted for his debaucheries, which were on a par with those of the late Czar. While in St. Petersburg he was known as the principal protector of those beautiful Muscovite Tziganes who constitute one of the least reputable features of the Russian capital. In one word, he enjoyed the notoriety of being one of the worst men in the empire on the banks of the Neva, and would certainly have been far more in his place at the court of the Tuilleries in the days of Louis Philippe than in the Imperial household of so eminently respectable and domestic a monarch as the late Czar. In spite of this he managed to retain until the day of his death not only the favor of the late Emperor, but also that of his successor, Czar Nicholas, who was particularly indebted to him for having conducted all those delicate negotiations that were needed to effect the departure from Russia of that pretty Hebrew danseuse and her two children who constituted the chief obstacle to the marriage of the young autocrat. Indeed, so deeply obliged was Nicholas to the General that he never dreamed of depriving him of any of his practically unlimited prerogatives and power. These were of such a character that they enabled the General to condemn to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia or Saghalien, and without trial or conviction, any one who happened to incur his displeasure. His disposition, no matter how lofty they rank. Heaven only knows how many perfectly innocent men and women have been consigned to this living death by the General, who is popularly credited with having contributed to the maintenance of his position by the organization of bogus plots against the life of the Czar. Indeed, now that the General has departed for another world, it is probable there will be a remarkable decline in the number of stories of alleged attempts to assassinate the autocrat of "All the Russia."

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

By Walter G. Bowen.

As we rode along the valley we saw a head of asses on the top of one of the mountains—how they looked and reviewed us!

Mr. Editor: In a late number of your widely circulated magazine I had the satisfaction of reading an epigram which appeared to me, and to your subscribers generally, if I am not very much mistaken, to be not less well aimed and fairly driven home to the mark, than righteously deserved. It was in these words:

On P— the Versifier, reviewing his own verses,
When critics scourged him, there was scope
For self-amusement and for hope;
Reviewing his own verses, he
Has done the deed—fido de so.

I am glad to perceive that there is at least one editor of a magazine who is not so tied up in Mr. Poe's latest as to be afraid of expressing an honest opinion of him as a literary man. But I do assure you that not only myself, but a great many others were astonished beyond measure at finding that you had the courage to insert the epigram, good as it was. Your putting it in, however, has elevated you not a little in the public opinion, and has encouraged me to hope that you will do me the favor of publishing this Review of the Reviewer, especially as what I ask is merely in the way of perfectly fair and above board retaliation for what Mr. P. upon one or two occasions has seen fit to say of some unpretending poems of mine, as well as of a novel by my brother-in-law. And as for the truth and justice of what I shall write, I trust, that on that score there will be no one to offer objection, as I do not intend to say a single word that shall not be accompanied by the proof. Mr. Poe, to say nothing of my own case, has done little else than "ride rough shod" over what he is in the faculty habit of denouncing the "poor devil authors" of the land, and I presume that neither you nor anybody else will think it unreasonable that, sooner or later, he should have the bitter chance of criticism returned to his own lips—provided always, and, of course, that the thing is done fairly, honorably, on a life-or-trick or subterfuge—in a word, provided that the criticism be just.

To follow Mr. Poe's own apparently frank mode of reviewing, I will begin by putting the merit of any author "in the fairest light." I shall not pretend to deny him that he has written several pieces of very considerable merit, and that some of these pieces have attracted, partly of their own accord and partly through the purring of this friend, an unusual degree of notoriety. Among these I feel called upon to mention his "Tales," published by Wiley & Putnam, and especially the one called "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," which, I learn, has been reprinted and highly complimented in Paris, and "The Gold Bug," which Martin Farquhar Tupper justly praises, as well as the "Descent into the Maelstrom" and several other stories, all of which I am willing to admit display great power of analysis and imagination. "The Facts in the Case of Mr. Valdemar" has perhaps made a greater "sensation" than anything else he has written, and his, I understand, not only gone the complete rounds of the London press, from the Morning Post down, but has been printed in pamphlet form in London, Paris and Vienna. The ingenuity and general merit of his "Raven" I do not wish to detract from, although I certainly do not think quite so highly of it as Miss Barrett or as Mr. Willis professes to do, nor as Mr. Poe himself does, if we are to judge by the laudatory criticism on it which he lately published in Graham, a criticism which displayed, perhaps, more analysis than modesty. Some of his shorter poems are also praiseworthy, and his "Sleepers" and "Dreamland" are, in my opinion, better than the "Raven," although in a different way. Of his criticisms I have heard so much to admire in the way of commendation. They show scholarship and the peculiar analytic talent which is the ruling feature in everything he writes. They are also remarkable for that Quixotic kind of courage which induces people of Mr. Poe's temperament to be perpetually tilting at something—although it too often happens that the something is a wind mill; and there is one good point about them which it would be unjust to omit, and that is, they show no respect for persons. They are seldom aimed at small game. On the other hand they seem to me bitter in the extreme, capricious, fantabulous and unnecessarily severe. Mr. Poe has been so often complimented for his powers of sarcasm that he thinks it incumbent upon himself to keep up his reputation in that line by sneers upon all occasions and downright abuse. As for the beauties of a work, he appears to have made up his mind to neglect them altogether, or when he condescends to point one out, or to quote it, his compliments, however well they begin, are always sure to end with a point, or barb, which it is easy to mistake for satire in disguise. Real, honest, heartfelt praise is a thing not to be looked for in a criticism by Mr. Poe. Even when it is his evident intention to be partial, to compliment in an extravagant

manner some of his lady friends (for he never compliments a gentleman), there always seems to be something constrained and shall I say malicious?—at the bottom of the honey cup. These biases render his critical judgment of little value.

Before proceeding with some very serious literary accusations which I have to make on my own part against Mr. Poe, it may be as well, perhaps, to call his attention to something which has been said about him in the London Literary Gazette. I wish to see if he will vouchsafe a reply to it. Mr. Poe has pointed out, in his late "Literary," a number of scientific blunders on the part of Mr. Richard Adams Locke, and perhaps the public may have some curiosity to know how he will account for his own. The Gazette referred to is of the date of March 14, 1846.

Sir—Having just read a review of Edgar Poe's romances in the Literary Gazette of January, page 101, allow me to address to a curious misconception in a scientific point of view which the author has fallen into. In describing his whirling in the maelstrom, he says: "On looking out when half way down, the boat appeared hanging, as if by magic, upon the interior surface of a funnel of vast circumference and prodigious depth. . . . My gaze fell instinctively downward. . . . The smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool, which sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying on our beam ends." . . .

Now, with all deference, I would submit, first, that our only notions of up or down are derived from the direction of gravity; when, therefore, the direction of gravity is changed by centrifugal force, that direction will still appear to be down. Second, that our only sense of motion is relative; when, therefore, all that is visible is rotating along with ourselves, we shall have no sense of motion, and in few cases do we ever ourselves appear to be the moving objects (unless the case of railway travelling; the only apparent motion will be the slight difference of motion between the various objects and ourselves. Whence it appears that the gentleman in the predicament described would, on looking about him, see a vast funnel of water apparently laid on its side, with its lower side horizontal, at which lower part his boat would always appear to be lying; the heavens appearing at one end horizontally and apparently rotating, while the chaotic abyss and foam would be at the opposite end, the waters appearing (full of local currents, no doubt) stretching in a miraculous archway or tunnel, almost motionless, about and over the boat and apparently supported by nothing, and objects nearer the entrance would appear to rotate vertically in a slowly retrograde direction, while objects would appear to have an opposite rotation, more and more rapid, toward the misty, tumultuous end, the real velocity of the whole being unperceived, except by the contrary apparent rotation of the heavens. This would indeed be a wondrous spectacle, though scarcely sufficing to induce a personal experiment by your humble servant.

WILLIAM PETRIE.

So much for Mr. Petrie, and leaving Mr. Poe to reply to him, I will just here put in a point for myself, although I confess it has been suggested to me by a friend at my elbow. It is this: In accounting for his hero's escape from the maelstrom, Mr. P. quotes Archimedes' "De Incensibus in Fluido," lib. 2, for the following fact, viz., that "a cylinder swimming in a vortex offers more resistance to its suction and is drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of any form whatever." Now, the friend at my elbow asserts roundly, first, that the fact stated is no fact at all, and is contrary to known laws. Secondly, that there is no such passage in the second book of Archimedes as the one referred to. Thirdly, he says that no such passage, nor any resembling it, is in Archimedes at all, and that he deduces Mr. Poe to point it out.

The truth is, I have something more serious to speak of. The great point which Mr. Poe has become notorious for making is that of plagiarism, and in his elaborate reply to "Ours," in the earlier numbers of the Broadway Journal, he was at great pains to demonstrate what a plagiarist he is, and by what chain of reasoning it could be established. My own purpose at present is simply to copy a few parallel passages, leaving it for the public to decide whether they do or do not come properly under the head of wilful and deliberate literary theft.

At page 24 of Mr. P.'s last volume of poems (Wiley & Putnam's edition), in a song called "Buialle," is the passage,

Now, Doubt; now, Pain,
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh.

In Tom Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" we find it thus:

No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is left
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

The author of the lines which follow I cannot name just now, but I give them because there are doubtless many of my readers who can. Some poet, however, is speaking of a traitor to his country and wishes him doomed

to dwell
Fell in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding Heaven yet feeling Hell.